

# Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL, . . . . . Publisher  
REID L. BUNDY, . . . . . Editor and Co-Publisher

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## A Growing Traffic Tangle

Torrance is slowly strangling in traffic and it probably will get worse before it gets better.

That was the picture painted last week by city officials for the industrial development and streets and highways committees of the Chamber of Commerce.

Speaking to the two committees were Charles M. Shartle, planning director; Walter Nollac, city engineer; and Arthur T. Horkay, traffic engineer.

Purpose of the presentation was to show the Chamber of Commerce committees and specially invited guests that the city's traffic problems were reaching the acute stage and that many streets are now carrying more vehicles each day than their design intended.

It is a problem which must concern all of us in the community whether we live here, work here, or drive through here as commuters or shoppers.

Completion of a proposed freeway through the western and southern portions of the city in another 10 to 15 years will not solve today's problem, the city spokesmen indicated.

Hawthorne Boulevard carries nearly 50,000 vehicles a day across Torrance Boulevard.

Sepulveda carries 26,000 across Crenshaw and as many as 29,000 vehicles a day cross Sepulveda at Crenshaw. Pacific Coast Highway carries more than 32,000 vehicles a day west of Crenshaw. And so it goes. Artesia Boulevard, 190th Street, Western Avenue, Carson Street, Anza, Calle Mayor, Torrance Boulevard, all are carrying thousands of vehicles every day and it is going to get worse.

An immediate need is for north-south arteries and the city says the need is critical between Hawthorne and Crenshaw. An extension of Prairie Avenue is currently being planned south of 190th Street to link it with Madrona Avenue and the extension of Madrona Avenue south of Sepulveda Boulevard has been proposed.

A limited roadway extending Maple Avenue south of Monterey is being rushed to completion this week.

As has been the case in the extension or major improvement on most roadway projects some of those residing along the right of way are inconvenienced. In some cases — such as the proposed extension of Madrona Avenue — elimination of some homes and displacement of residents is one of the prices which will be paid for a new traffic artery.

As unattractive as it is, there appears to be no alternative. Sooner or later, the city councilmen are going to be faced with the very real problem of deciding where other major north-south routes are going.

Presently a decision is pending on the southerly portion of Madrona Avenue. We strongly urge that they approve this street plan now.

The vehicles are here and the city is generating more traffic each day. The councilmen appear to have no choice if they wish to act conscientiously for the good of the community.

## Opinions of Others

We may become the first country in history where welfare checks are delivered to you by the butler.— President Bill Trimble of the Little Valley (N.Y.) The Hub.

Man all wrapped up in self make small package.— Editor Charles Cunningham, Natchitoches (La.) Times.

The best advice for modern people — young and old — facing all sorts of propaganda, is the single word: think. — Joseph M. Shaw Jr. in the Centre County (Ala.) Herald.

They call our language the mother tongue because the father so seldom gets a chance to use it.—Editor Elizabeth Spaulding in the Bardstown (Ky.) Standard.

## Mailbox

Editor, Press-Herald  
Please publish this in answer to Mr. Rische's column. Dear Bruce,

What's a teacher? Right now your parents are your teachers. But in just a few years you will leave the shelter of your home at 9 a.m. and will not return until 3 p.m.

The teachers you have during the first half-dozen hours a day you're at school will lecture, assign homework, and grade it.

It is unfortunate but, you will have such teachers. They are no longer "old ladies (with buns on their heads) of mousy men who spend a lot of time talking about poetry or trigonometry or Latin or some other dumb thing," as your father said in his letter to you. Instead they are young teachers in need of blood transfusions, or large doses of the element known as VITALITY.

Hopefully, Bruce you will be as fortunate as I was, and sometime between your first

and last days of school will find two real TEACHERS. Teachers who will be interested in you as a person, and will motivate you to learn.

I was once told that a teacher must be a counselor, an actor, a psychologist, an educator, and a friend.

If you are lucky Bruce, you will have a teacher like your father who possesses these qualities. Two years ago I was in your father's class. Today, I filed my application for the Secondary Teaching Program at college. If accepted, someday I will teach the same subject as your father.

Two teachers, both at the same school, both underpaid, and both concerned with their students have influenced my life to an extent beyond that of my first teachers — my parents.

Wishing you at least two REAL TEACHERS.

SHARON MONDSCHNEIN  
P. S.—Don't ever let a teacher keep you from learning. You can always learn, in spite of some teachers.

## Sure, We Had "Hippies"



HERB CAEN SAYS:

## Dying Hippies Made an Impact on San Francisco

The most interesting thing about hippies it not whether they are dead or alive—but, as always, the reaction they elicit (or provoke) from so-called established society. As a wise old doctor once observed, rather sadly, "They are our consciences, walking around in bare feet."

Society has inflated their importance grotesquely beyond their weight and numbers, and it would take a psychoanalyst to unravel the reasons (a love-hate syndrome, or just plain old-fashioned guilt?). Whoever wrote the "official" funeral notice of the Death of Hippie observance a few days ago knew what he was about when he described the deceased as "Hippie, devoted son of Mass Media," for indeed the hippies used the media for all it is worth, and media seemed pathetically eager to be used.

All razzle-dazzle aside, the hippies, even if they're dying, have made a tremendous impact on San Francisco—and, for that matter, the world. They constitute a frontal assault on everything that our frayed society holds dear, and, to make it more unnerving, they do it only by indirection. Writers who report, to this day, that "hippies sneer at the straights are guilty of wishful thinking; a sneer can easily be canceled by a counter sneer. The general hippies attitude is more than one of pity (now that hurts). The more important facets of their criticism are merely implied; a guilty society makes the interpretations. The celebrated dirtiness of the hippies is one of the best examples. There is such an outrage in our world of "What, you left your family defenseless? Get off my sand dune!" that even reasonably intelligent people have been reduced to saying, in frustration, "Don't they know that cleanliness is next to godliness?" (Who

wrote that, anyway—a soap salesman?)

By just standing there, (or sitting, sleeping, turning on, shacking up), the hippie is an affront to all segments of The Establishment, even Joan Baez, who also seems to have a thing about soap. It's not just the conservatives and reactionaries who feel threatened. Old Bohemians, once frowned on themselves, frown on them as "going too far." The Old Bohemians know they themselves never went far enough? One self-styled "liberal" commentator in this city has gone absolutely

crackers over what he calls the "creepies," boiling them in the kind of invective once reserved for witches; if this were 1692, he would be setting torches to hippies—and so much for liberals. The Puritans among us are, of course, haunted as always by the dark suspicion that somewhere, somebody might be having a good time. And, as always, without them. As for those dear souls who hope to "understand" the hippies, they're wasting their time. They'll have to find their absolusion elsewhere.

It simply is not enough to flog them, as Establishment critics do, for dropping out, "for refusing to integrate themselves into a meaningful protest movement" (the old liberals heard from again), for using drugs, "for creating an unnecessary burden on the taxpayer" (there's a hollow phrase for you), for leading "lewd and immoral" lives, for not flushing the john, or whatever they do that bugs the critics; anyway, most of the foregoing applies equally to Brooks Brothers types living at Good addresses.

No, what really bugs the

## Morning Report:

There's no doubt that Lyndon Johnson is at his best when he's at war — with Congress. As in his present guerrilla engagement over his plan to raise income taxes 10 per cent.

The President lobbed a lot of economists, bankers, and industrialists into the Congress. All plugged for the 10 per cent. The House Ways and Means Committee melted back into the woodwork — carrying their wounded, if any, with them. But now Lyndon is threatening to cut off federal highway funds.

After all, a Congressman can junket to Europe, put his in-laws on the payroll, and show up drunk for work without losing a vote. But if he can't deliver gobs of Washington money to his district, he's had it. Also he knows it. I think LBJ will win this one.

Abe Mellinkoff

## AFFAIRS OF STATE

# Plan to Limit Property Taxes Given Slim Chance

By EDWIN S. CAPPS

Capitol News Service  
SACRAMENTO — An attempt is in the mill to qualify a measure for the election ballot next year which would limit property taxes but no one is holding their breath until the necessary signatures are collected.

The measure is being proposed by Yuill Joaquin, of Sutter. A title for petitions recently was issued by the attorney general.

The proposal says: "TAXATION. MAXIMUM TAX RATE. INITIATIVE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT. Provides that real property taxes levied by local governmental agencies shall be limited to a combined maximum total of one per cent of assessed or full cash value of the property, whichever is higher. Where such property is subject to taxation by more than one taxing agency, the maximum rate may be two per cent if approved by two-thirds of the electors of area affected."

One thing that stands out in Joaquin's proposal is his reference to assessed or full cash value because there's quite a difference. The average assessed value placed on property this year was about 23 per cent.

Thus a limit of one per cent of the assessed value on a \$30,000 home would amount to \$69 but the same one per cent, based on the full value, would be \$300. If

the tax were increased to two per cent, the difference would be from \$138 to \$600. And the limit of two per cent to property that is taxed by more than one agency would include just about all property in the state.

The property taxpayer is finding himself more and more in the position on the weather attributed to Mark Twain — everyone talks

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about it but nobody does anything. The past session of the legislature was a good example.

Through increases in state support for schools — biggest increases ever voted — and a 3-cent cigarette tax for cities and counties, some reductions in city tax rates might have been expected. Yet a recent survey of the California taxpayers' association showed that, in more than half the cities, there was no change in the tax rate. Of the remainder, about half reduced tax rates but the other half increased them.

Thus the idea of a maximum property tax rate, while a popular one in some circles and frequently talked up by some legislators, cannot be a realistic one unless some substitute source of revenue is found for local government. Welfare depart-

ments cannot be closed down and the sheriffs can't turn loose all their deputies. More important, the schools must continue with education and this is the biggest user of local tax revenues.

Those who face the property tax relief question squarely in the legislature are quick to point out that property tax relief is meaningless unless some form of revenue is found to replace it. As it happens now, the state may levy additional taxes, with the theory that this will be subvented to the cities and counties as tax relief.

But there's nothing to stop the cities and counties from absorbing this new revenue and still collecting the same amounts or more from the property owners.

As for the proposal of Yuill Joaquin of Sutter, the immediate problem he faces is the collection of 520,276 signatures of registered voters. Over the years, various prices have been put on the cost of collecting a single qualified signature and it has been put at between 50 cents and a dollar.

With few exceptions, the non-professionals with no bank rolls, have been unable to get enough people to sign on the petitions' dotted lines. Thus the odds are high that the deadline for Joaquin's petitions will fall next March 22 and he will be far short of the necessary signatures.

## ROYCE BRIER

# \$21 Billion Debt From World War I Still Owed

The historian breasted says that one of the great Pharaohs got together a war chest of \$12 million for some conquest, the biggest sum ever heard of at that time.

He expected of course to get it back in reparations, or tribute as they called it, but that's not sound money. So maybe he left it as a deficit for some succeeding Pharaoh, or possibly his victims living in what we now call Syria still owe it to the Egyptians, running into trillions with the interest.

Well, wars cost a little more nowadays, and indeed had increased at least a thousand times by 1914-18.

In that period the Americans loaned the Europeans \$12 billion to head off the Kaiser, so to speak, and this debt, with interest, now stands at a little over \$21 billion. If paid, that would

be about \$100 for each man, woman and child in the United States, but don't spend it this weekend.

The history of this debt is interesting, if forgotten. The debt was supposed to be paid

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by the Allies with reparations collected from the Germans, but the Germans didn't have it, and nobody but the guys who push papers around the United States Treasury expected them to have it.

So the debts were from time to time scaled down in principal and interest, and numerous moratoriums were granted, especially after the German inflation of the mid-1920s. This got the Germans

off the hook, though you can scarcely think of a harder way to get off a hook.

The debts as they now stand are approximately: Britain, \$9.5 billion, France \$6.8 billion, Italy, \$2.2 billion, with the Soviet Union, Belgium and Poland in the \$600 million bracket. Some debtors no longer exist as nations, and Finland, with an original loan of \$9 million, is the only nation not in default, still making regular payments, with the debt now at \$4.7 million.

Why Finland is not in default, nobody ever explains. Probably just honest.

Nor does anybody explain why this debt is still kept on the America books, seeing we have as much chance of collecting any appreciable part of it as President Nasser has of collecting \$12 million from an old Pharaoh.

The debt naturally is fairly modest compared with the scores of American billions put out since 1939 under the name of foreign aid — "aid" being a prettier word than "debt."

Presumably the World War II obligations still figure powerfully in foreign exchange, and Treasury officials could tell you just how if they wanted to, though they seldom elect to do so. But then, you and I wouldn't understand it anyway.

Just as we don't understand why the World War I debts aren't wiped out, after 50 fruitless years. In the fiscal year ending, June 30, the total debt increased \$324 million from accumulated interest. It would be fascinating to know just how much clerical help is needed in Treasury to fuss over the \$21 billion. Even \$324 million is enough to keep a small army fussing for a year and it will jump next year.

## WILLIAM HOGAN

# Styron Reaches Deep To Find Turner's Soul

Nat Turner's original confessions, a brief transcript taken by a lawyer named Thomas Gray while Turner was awaiting trial, is the document on which William Styron based his remarkable novel, "The Confessions of Nat Turner," which we reviewed last week. Nat was a literate slave, a preacher-reformer who believed he had divine guidance to free his fellow slaves. With a band of zealots he attempted to wipe out the white population of Southampton county, Virginia, one night in August, 1831. They succeeded in slaying some 60 whites in this only slave rebellion in history, before the band was rounded up and hanged.

Styron plays his violence on an almost Biblical level in this strange, lyrical, depressing American tragedy which may be the most remarkable American novel of the year. Styron is the author of three previous novels; most widely known being "Lie Down in Darkness" (1951), also a tale of his native Virginia. He has a respectable literary reputation; is highly regarded by "establishment"

critics, but has never had a wide audience.

"Nat Turner" will change that. His publishers reported it in a fourth printing (200,000 copies) before publication.

With all my respect for the book, I find flaws in it. Styron plays Nat's story in the first person, which

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means that this Southern-born white writer had to "become" a 19th Century Negro to narrate it successfully. He is artist and craftsman enough to have made this believable, although some of the strong regional dialect, the almost Uncle Remus talk in it bothered me. ("You done got any people up at yo' place dad eveh run off?" Again: "Oh, preacher . . . a word with you if'n you please.")

In a recent interview Styron defended this, saying he relied on the rhythms of speech he heard as a boy in Virginia. He also said the general style of the book is his own, different from a

19th Century style. Yet some of Nat's private thoughts and meditations I find overly sophisticated, even overly "white." I don't think that even an educated slave of the period would think: "For some reason, I find this wonderfully amusing and I suddenly am aware that I am giggling to myself . . ."

The total effect and force of the novel is stronger than this quibbling would suggest, but these are points which bothered me in an otherwise rare literary work.

Nat Turner turned more and more to the Bible for consolation, and found possible answers to his dilemmas in that bloody book. As a fiery man of God, a prophet destined to lead his people to freedom, Nat acted on the Biblical word. The result was wholesale tragedy and God's abandonment of just everybody in Southampton county, especially Nat Turner.

Styron has reached the very soul of this tortured man in what he calls a "meditation on history." Not many contemporary writers of fiction are able to do that.

## My Neighbors



There goes a great sport.